

## [Postal Telegraph]

ONE COPY WITH THE WOODRUM COMMITTEE Beliefs & Customs — Folk Stuff 18

Herman Spector POSTAL TELEGRAPH

Howsa wedduh? It's drastic. Rainin cats an dogs, an I stepped in a puddle of it. My mudder should see me now. She'd gimme hell. But dat's life, ain't it? Oh, I'm loinin. I'm no dummy. I'm oney on de job a few munts, but I'm loinin. Like now, I'm stallin. Ya tink I ain't gettin paid fer dis? I'm gettin paid fer dis. Looka me what I'm sayin! It's de troot, dough, ya gotta stall. Dey don't give ya time to breed. Ya know de sayin: Lincoln freed de slaves? Put PT's puttin em back again. Dat's de troot. I'll never forget de foist delivry. I ran like hell. I was green, whaddeya expect? No more, dough. I don't run no more.

Dere's nuttin to it, dis job. Nuttin ever happens. Not even tips. De monotony kills ya. Once in a while we have fights, sure, but nuttin outta de way, what ya'd call interestin. Once in a while dere's a battle royal. Not over nuttin at all. Just like dis. Oh yeah, de foist day out dey stole my watch. Put dat in it. Dere's crooked in dis outfit. Ya gotta chain yer pants down. But we got along alright. Dey call me two-ton, two gun, anyting. Dere's nine of us in dis branch. De fellas? Regalla fellas: hardboiled types, ya know. De manager is O.K. Say, ya know what we gonna do Tanksgiving? We gonna hire out a horse, put a uniform on him, an ride. Like dis. Just fer a laugh. To show people. Dey call us horses. So dere you are. Naw, it's no more mutts - horses. Know what I do when I see one of dese Western Union guys? I go [I?].....whypp, whypp! (whistling derisively.) Well, I guess I betta scram before da boss catches wise. Solong!

Herman Spector HANSOM IS AS HANSOM DOES

She was a real fine-looking lady. They used to dress pretty in those days, especially the ladies, they sat in my coach so nice and neat you could see them from top to bottom. It

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was in the wintertime, real cold, it don't get cold as that anymore. She had a little black box with her, I remember she told me to be very careful with it, she made me put it right between my feet on the step - "don't let it out of your sight one minute," she said. We went to the bank over on Avenue C. The snow was so deep that the bottom of the coach was dragging, that's how heavy it snowed in those days. And will you believe it, when we came to the bank and I handed the box back to her she told me there was a quarter of a million dollars in it! Oh, it was quite safe, there was no holding-ups in the city then. We never heard of such things then. They weren't so bold, you know. There were train robberies, yes, but they didn't compare to what goes on nowadays - daylight robberies and things. It was more peaceful.

People would be peaceful, if they'd let em. These big managers want to hog it all. That's the way it is. They don't realize it, but all they've got is the pro-duce of the laboring man. That's the truth, but they won't admit it. Well, it may be bold of me to say it, but that's my belief. Whatever they got is taken from the pro-duce of the laborer. The President knows it. He's putting the country back on its feet. Why this country was in such bad shape when he took charge of the government, it's hard to say what would have happened! Would have been a lot worse if the Republicans were in. You know it, and I know it. They only want [?] the rich to get back in power, that's what they want. But I don't think they'll get. No sir, don't think they will.....

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How old do ye think I am? 79...Yes sir, I'm 79. See that coach standing there? She's over thirty years old. And just as trim and fine as the day she was built. Wheels, crossbars, springs; Why, you could go over every part of her, I bet you couldn't slip a pencil through anyplace! They don't make em like that anymore. The first one of them coaches was made special for Queen Victoria. That's how the name came out, Victorias. Yes, sir. Paid eleven hundred for her, new, an I wouldn't part with her for the fanciest autermobile goin. Oh, I've got nothing against the autermobile. It's all right, if you want to get there fast. But people who like to ride slow, look around at the scenery, we take them. It's enjoyable, ya know.

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When the sun is out, the park all green... I have a man, American Terbacker man, always rides up to 110th Street and back in the summer. Just for the sun. He'll ride all the way up with us, going at a trot, then he'll say "Turn around, and walk the horse." And we'll go back, him with his face right in the sun, getting the full benefit of it, and when we get back he'll give me a five dollar bill. Every day, almost, in the summer. Oh, he's a fine man. He don't like these autermobiles, except for business. "But when I want to enjoy myself," he says, "I prefer a horse and carriage."

That's the way it is. Everybody had different tastes. I think people generally are alright, just let them along alone . There's good and there's bad in all walks of life. That's what I say. Yes, that's a good horse there. He's pretty smart, too. He's neighing now because he wants to go home. Almost time to go home now. We don't stay here later than five-five-thirty....Oh, that? Sure, he let it go, now he won't move from the spot, it keeps him warm. Got all the good out of it that was in it, now he let it go. Same way with you, ain't it?

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Get all the good out of a thing, then drop it. That's commonsense, ain't it? That's good horse sense.....